



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

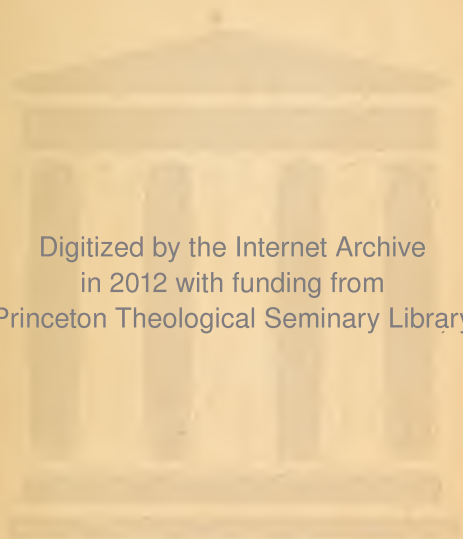
Division

Section

SCB
6268



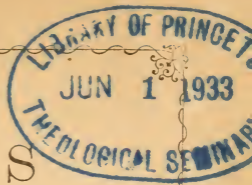




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/praiierpra00amer>





✓
S O N G S

O F

P R A Y E R A N D P R A I S E .



PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

28 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by the
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

GEO. C. RAND & AVERY,
ELECTROTYPERS AND PRINTERS.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Abel entering heaven	104
Abide with us	20
Abou Ben Adhem's dream	156
Advice	65
Affliction	147
A hymn	118
A little bird I am	124
All, all is known to thee	159
An ancient choral	149
"Angels that are to be."	14
A morning hymn	200
A prayer	28
A prayer for divine strength	108
A prayer	109
A prayer for guidance	151
Beyond the river	40
Be strong in the Lord	42
Be strong	176
Be ye patient	36
Bringing our sheaves with us	189
Childlike submission	110
Christian duty	59
Christian trust	66
Christian confidence	86
Come, Holy Spirit	11
Consecration	62
Conversion	136
Confession	140

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Distractions in prayer	115
Drawing nearer	162
Earthly and heavenly interest	161
Eternity	182
Evening song	92
Evening prayer	133
Evening hymn	157
Exaggeration of ill	165
First and last	64
From thee cometh help	48
Fullness of Christ	105
Girl's thoughts on her twentieth birthday	67
God's support and guidance	90
God's goodness	186
Going Home	142
Growing in Grace	145
Hagar and Ishmael	107
Haste not! Rest not!	13
Heavenward	29
Heaven	167
Heavenly Sowing	171
Hiding in God	15
Humility	83
Hymn of trust	30
Invocation	39
I hold still	44
Jesus, still lead on	57
Jesus, lead the way	72
Judge not	126
Life springing from death	195
Life's purpose	150
Listen, listen to the hour	120

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Longings for heaven	69
Love to my Lord	31
Low spirits	54
Mercies	119
Music	96
My God, I know that I must die	46
My times are in thy hand	18
My work.	51
Night song	113
Night musings.	164
" Nothing but leaves "	35
None but Christ	74
Only waiting.	180
Out in the cold.	122
Peace	78
" Peace like a river "	196
Prayer	58
Prayer for mercy	60
Prayer for divine grace	177
Psalm 130	84
Pupil and tutor	38
Rest	79
Rest and labor	144
Rest, weary soul.	207
Resting in God	204
River of God	102
Self-condemnation	73
Sick and in prison	49
Sloth	32
Sowing and reaping	76
Strive, wait, and pray	129
Sweet hope	187

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Tarry with me	169
Thankfulness	154
The beautiful land	197
The day laborer	178
The eternal years	192
The gifts of God	172
The guiding hand	131
The heart's song	98
The heart's core	139
The land of promise	146
The ordeal	94
The pilgrim	87
The pilgrim of earth	127
The peace of God	166
The true shepherd	25
The wicket gate	184
The world	80
The word of the Lord	130
"This tabernacle"	22
Thoughts in a wheat field	100
Traveler's hymn	203
Via crucis, via lucis	17
Vi et armis	70
Wake thou that sleepest	53
Want of thought	99
Welcome death	191
Withdrawing from God	114
Would you be young again	75
Zinzendorff's hymn	199

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	20
About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)	156
Ah, dearest Lord I can not pray	115
Alas! I have walked through life	99
A little bird I am	124
Another portion of life rolls on	182
A somber, moonless, leaden sky above	32
Be not afraid to pray	58
Ben Adam had a golden coin, one day	161
Beside the toilsome way	36
Be strong in the Lord and the power of his might .	42
Be strong to hope, O heart!	176
Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies . .	167
Beyond the smiling and the weeping	187
Christ's blood and righteousness to me	199
Come, Holy Spirit! from the hight	11
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	200
Dear Lord, this world which thou hast wrought . .	43
Father, I know that all my life	13
Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling	28
Father, I have wandered far	39
Father! the skies are dark above me	151
Fever and fret and aimless stir	54
Forsake me not, my God	90
From my lips in their defilement	62
From the deeps of grief and fear	84

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Girlhood's sunny days are over	67
Give me a heart of calm repose	196
Had I a thousand hearts, I'd raise	31
Heart, be still	113
Heart, heart, lie still	139
Holy Zion! land supernal	69
How shalt thou bear the cross that now	192
How sweet it were, if without feeble fright	14
How meanly dwells the immortal mind!	22
I come to thee, to-night	133
I have a work to do	51
In the silent midnight watches	98
In his wide fields walks the Master	100
In the still silence of the voiceless night	164
Is this the way my Father? 'Tis, my child	131
I thank thee, O my God! who made	154
Jesus, still lead on	57
Jesus, lead the way	72
Jesus, the soul of music is	96
Judge not; the workings of his brain	126
Lamb of God, harmless, holy	149
Listen, listen to the hour!	120
Live for thyself, let each successive morn	150
Lord, many times I am weary quite	73
Lord, a happy child of thine	92
Lord, go with us, and we go	203
Mid the fast falling shadows	184
My God, I know that I must die	46
My God, whose gracious pity I may claim	159
My soul, be strong! confront thy life	70
My soul, there is a countrie	78
My soul, what hast thou done for God	172

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Nearer! yes, we felt it not	162
Not from the work appointed us to do	15
Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves	35
O faith! thou workest miracles	136
O gracious God, my fainting heart	109
Oh for those solitary hours	177
Oh, send me not away! for I would drink	108
Oh, what a load of struggle and distress	66
Oh, what a cunning guest	140
O love divine! that stooped to share	30
Only waiting till the shadows	180
O Saviour, pity all who weep	60
O thou great Friend to all the sons of men	118
Pain's furnace heat within me quivers	44
Pilgrim of earth, who art journeying to heaven	127
Rest, weary soul	207
River of God! that springest	102
Since thy Father's arm sustains thee	204
So, in our simple creed	29
Source of my life's refreshing springs	166
Sow with a generous hand	76
Sower Divine	171
Sow ye beside all waters	178
Still onward through this land of foes	87
Still, soft, and white upon the tasseled pine	119
Strive, yet I do not promise	129
Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go	157
Tarry with me, O my Saviour	169
Ten thousand times ten thousand sung	104
There is a river deep and wide	40
The air is cold, the way is dark and dreary	122
The seed must die before the corn appears	195
The bird that soars on highest wing	83

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

The world is wise, for the world is old	80
The Lord, he is my strength and stay	74
The time for toil is past, and night is come	189
There is a land immortal	197
They sank amid the wilderness	107
They are going, only going	142
There is a land where beauty will not fade	146
Thou grace Divine, encircling all	186
This did not once so trouble me	145
Through the cross comes the crown	17
Thy word, O Lord, like gentle dews	130
'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful	64
'Tis sweet to feel that he who tries	94
To be the thing we seem	59
Two hands upon the breast	144
Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers . . .	53
Weary, Lord, of struggling here	79
We must feel ere we can pity	65
We overstate the ills of life, and take	165
We will not weep, for God is standing by us . . .	86
What shall I do, lest life in silence pass	38
What the heart is at the birth	105
What pleases God, O pious soul	110
When death is drawing near	191
When we are dark and dead	114
Who that a watcher doth remain	147
Wildly falls the night around me	49
Without haste! without rest	13
Would you be young again	75

SONGS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Come, Holy Spirit.

I.

COME, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down thy blessed light:

Come, Father of the friendless poor,
Giver of gifts, and light of hearts,—
Come, with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

II.

The soul's refreshment and her guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor rest,

The sweetest solace in our woe:—
Come, blissful Light! Oh, come and fill,
In all thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our inward fervor glow.

III.

Where thou art, Lord, there is no ill,
For Evil's self thy light can kill;
Oh, let that light upon us rise!
Lord, heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace, and with thy rains
Our barren spirits fertilize.

IV.

Bend with thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill,
And homeward call the feet that stray:
Virtue's reward, and final grace,
The eternal vision, face to face, —
Spirit of Love, for these we pray.

[Frederick Faber.]



Haste not! Rest not!

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

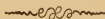
Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die:
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait:
Meekly bear the storms of fate!

Duty be thy polar guide, —
Do the right, whate'er betide !
Haste not ! rest not ! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

[From the German of Goethe.]



“Angels that are to be.”

How sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His eyes divine, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have
never
Been dead indeed, — as we shall know for ever.
Alas ! we think not what we daily see,
About our hearths, angels that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air, —
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

[Leigh Hunt.]

Hiding in God.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence. Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion." — PSALM xxxi. 20.

Not from the work appointed us to do,
Our Maker hides us;
Not from the suffering of mortal woe,
That oft betides us:

But whoso treadeth where the Saviour trod,
Where duty guideth,
Fearful of nothing but the power of God,
His Maker hideth.

He walks amid the furnace-fires alone,
Yet well attended;
For lo! there stands beside him God's own Son,
To earth descended.

Thousands and tens of thousands smitten lie
Breathless around him;
Safe in the secret place of the Most High,
Death hath not found him.

Quiet in God, — the ever-present seal
Of faith unspoken, —
Believing faces, — infant lips reveal
Its nameless token ;

A gift bestowed upon the poor oppressed,
To kings forbidden ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings to rest,
Securely hidden.

To bear for them the cross, as if for thee,
Strengthen me ever ;
Among thine hidden ones, oh, number me,
Now and for ever.

A.



Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

“The way of the Cross the way of Light.”

THROUGH the cross comes the crown; when the
cares of this life,
Like giants in strength, may to crush thee
combine,
Never mind, never mind! after sorrow's sad strife
Shall the peace and the crown of salvation be
thine.

Through woe comes delight; if at evening thou
sigh,
And thy soul still at midnight in sorrow ap-
pears,
Never mind, never mind! for the morning is nigh,
Whose sunbeams of gladness shall dry up thy
tears!

Through death comes our life; to the portal of
pain,
Through Time's thistle-fields, are our weary
steps driven;
Never mind, never mind! through this passage
we gain
The mansions of light and the portals of heaven.

[From the German of Rosegarten.]

“My Times are in Thy Hand.”

PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching, wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

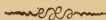
Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee,—
More careful than to serve thee much,
To please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee
Is happy every where.

In a service that thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children "free ;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.



Abide with us.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words : and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—JOHN xiv. 23.

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see,—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I crave, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord, —
Familiar, condescending, patient, free ;
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on thy wings, —
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

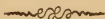
Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and fears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, Grave, thy vic-
tory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

[H. F. Lyte.]



“This Tabernacle.”

“For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”—2 CORINTHIANS V. 1.

How meanly dwells the immortal mind !
How vile these bodies are !
Why was a clod of earth designed
To inclose a heavenly star ?

Weak cottage where our souls reside !
This flesh a tottering wall,
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall !

All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of trouble roll,
Cold winds and winter storms beat through
And pain the tenant soul.

"Alas! how frail our state," said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the clearing sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul felt all the glory come,
And breathed her native air;
Then she remembered heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay,
In pleasurable strains.

How weak the prison where I dwell!
Flesh but a tottering wall;
The breaches cheerfully foretell
The house must shortly fall.

No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache;
Welcome disease and every pain
That makes the cottage shake!

Now let the tempest blow all round,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat the house of bondage down,
And let the stranger fly.

I have a mansion built above
By the eternal Hand,
And should the earth's old basis move;
My heavenly house must stand.

[Watts.]



The True Shepherd.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." — JOHN v. 10.

I WAS wandering and weary
When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me :
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
O silly souls ! come near me ;
My sheep should never fear me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow ;
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
O silly souls ! come near me ;
My sheep should never fear me
I am the Shepherd true !

SONGS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE.

At last I stopped to listen ;
His voice could not deceive me ;
I saw his kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me ;
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
O silly souls! come near me ;
My sheep should never fear me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

He took me on his shoulder,
And tenderly he kissed me ;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how he had missed me ;
And I'm sure I heard him say,
As he went along his way,
O silly souls! come near me ;
My sheep should never fear me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

Strange gladness seemed to move him,
Whenever I did better ;
And he coaxed me so to love him,
As if he was my debtor ;

THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

And I always heard him say,
As he went along his way,
 O silly souls! come near me;
 My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true!

I thought his love would weaken,
 As more and more he knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,
 O silly souls! come near me;
 My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true!

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
 What will best and longest please us
Follow not the ways of others,
 But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,
 O silly souls! come near me;
 My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true!

[Frederick Faber.]

A Prayer.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love,
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from
above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and
sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one,
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when Pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, — oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, — now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
Oh, make us strong ! we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

Heavenward.

"For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." — HEBREWS xi. 14.

So, in our simple creed
We drop the frail mortality we wear,
And—laud to Him who for our sakes did bleed,
And on his cross our bitter griefs did bear;
We know our ransomed nature certain heir
Of deathless being from its dying seed.
They who nurse hopes live every day an age,
And strive more fleet to live by living well;
And so we hasten on our pilgrimage,
Plucking earth's flowers, but fain in heaven
to dwell.
Life in our ear doth mean eternity,
And time, our staff, but speeds us on our way,
While all around poor voyagers we see
Who bear it but to chronicle each day,
And notch the hurrying hours of destiny
In fearful units, numbering for dismay
The lavished seeds of immortality.

[Arthur Coxo.]

Hymn of Trust.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants ; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate."—PSALM xxxiv. 22.

O LOVE divine ! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear, —
On thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is turned to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near !

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near !

[Dr. Holmes.]

Love to my Lord.

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

LAM. iii. 41.

"HAD I a thousand hearts, I'd raise
Them all in my Redeemer's praise,"
We sometimes cry;
And still we find it hard to give
Our one poor offering, and live
As he were by!

Oh, purest, truest, boundless love!
Worthy of Him who reigns above,—
Our heavenly guide!
He takes the heart we fain would give,
He deigns in it himself to live,
With us to 'bide.

Tune, Lord, this heart as t'were a lyre
Of heavenly make, till every wire
And every chord,
Wake but one strain,—one deepest thrill
Long, louder, sweeter, fuller still,—
Love to my Lord!

[From "Louisa von Plettenhaus."]

Sloth.

"Be not weary in well doing." 2 THESS. iii. 13.

A SOMBER, moonless, leaden sky above,
And on the windows slowly dropping rain,
A slumberous curtain, shutting out the sun,
A lulling music, murmuring through the brain ;

A glowing fire, whose warmth and softness steal
Through every sense, as idly I recline,
And ponder how to pass the pleasant hours,
By storm and solitude made doubly mine.

I am not called to brave the wintry air,
And go with others to the house of God ;
Sickness and pain close up the wonted path
Which, year by year, my feet unwearied trod.

To idly muse before the glowing light,
To build up castles melting into air,
To fill them with vague fancies, fleeting guests,
And so let sleep steal on me unaware.

This shall I do, as dies afar the chime
Of bells that mark a Sabbath afternoon,
Joining with wind and rain in outer air,
The deep contralto of a pleasant tune.

'Tis hard to pass the old enchanted ground,
Nor linger idly in its deepening shades ;
To nerve the dreamy thought, compel the step
To leave behind its streams and pleasant
glades.

Let in the sobbing wind, a mournful tone
Blends with a strange and deeply thrilling
power ;

“ When days and nights so many are thine own,
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour ?

“ 'Tis for thy safety. I no longer need
When compassed by an angel host ;
But ambushed foes and traitors thronging come ;
Let them not slay thee, sleeping at thy post.

“ This hour is thine, to watch, to weep, to pray
O'er follies past, o'er sins as yet unshriven ;
No day but has its clogging, wearying weight
Of errors unrepented, unforgiven.

“ Canst thou not watch one hour in thankful love
For all that makes thy lot in life so blest?
Beware, lest doom, not mercy, bids thy heart
At length sleep on, and take the wished-for
rest.”

So, back to prayer and earnest thought I come ;
Back to life's conflict, spent, but striving still ;
Or, if I lie with folded hands awhile,
'Tis but to wait, O Lord, thy blessed will.

[Mrs. Emily B. Haven.]



"Nothing but Leaves."

MARK XI. 13.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds,—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,—
We stand before him, humble, mute,
Waiting the word he breathes,—
“Nothing but leaves.”

[Christian Inquirer.]



Be ye patient.

“In your patience possess ye your souls.”—LUKE xxi. 19.

BESIDE the toilsome way,
Lowly and sad, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly
down;
The while, from withered leaves and flowerless
stalks,
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face,
So pure, — so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Murmuring softly, — "Wait."

"Patience," she sweetly saith ;
"The Father's mercies never come too late ;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm endurance, — wait !"

Angel ! behold, I wait, —
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's
hours,
Wait till thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.

Pupil and Tutor.

"For them that honor me I will honor."—1 SAM. ii. 30.

P. "What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?"

T. "And if it do,

And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?

Remember aye the ocean drops are mute,
The shallows roar.

Worth is the ocean,—fame is but the bruit
Along the shore."

P. "What shall I do to be for ever known?"

T. "Thy duty ever."

P. "This did full many who yet sleep unknown."

T. "Oh, never, never!

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain
unknown

Whom *thou* know'st not?

By angel trumps in heaven their praise is
blown;

Divine their lot."

[Arthur Clough.]

Invocation.

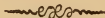
"Let my supplication come before thee : deliver me according to thy word."—PSALM cxix. 170.

FATHER, I have wandered far,
Oh, be now my guiding star!
Draw my footsteps back to thee,
Set my struggling spirit free ;
Save me from the doubts that roll
O'er the chaos of my soul, —
Let one ray of truth illumine
And dispel the thick'ning gloom !
God of truth, and peace, and love,
Hear my prayer !
Drive my restless thoughts above, —
Keep them there !

Father, save me at this hour,
From the tempter's fearful power, —
Purify the hidden springs
Of my wild imaginings.
I have thought till thought is pain,
Searched for peace till search is vain ;
Out of thee I cannot find
Rest for the immortal mind.

Now I come to thee for aid,—
Peace restore !
Let my soul on thee be stayed
For evermore !

[Churchman.]



Beyond the River.

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”—REV. xxi. 4.

THERE is a river deep and wide
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped ? They will return
No more to glad our longing eyes ;
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view ; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be ;
For gleamings of its loveliness
In visions granted oft we see.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil upraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflecting from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere,
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothéd sorrow dries the tear;
And some time list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats,
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps and voices' blended notes
Beyond the river. .

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore
But *there* pure love can live and last,—
They look for us their home to share;
When we, in turn, away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

“Be Strong in the Lord.”

EPHESIANS vi. 10.

“BE strong in the Lord and the power of his
might,”

He leads through the deserts, still guiding
aright;

Complain not, though weeds o’er thy wilder-
ness spread,

And dark may the cloud be that hangs o’er
thy head.

Remember the word to the faithful of old;

“I will help, I will strengthen, yea, I will uphold;
The right hand of my righteousness, that is
thy stay;

My love is thy polestar, by night and by day.

“I chose thee before earth’s foundations were
laid;

An infant, a sufferer for thee I was made;

I hung on a cross, and I lay in a grave,

The souls of my chosen to bless and to save.

"I'll lead thee through life by a way yet unknown,
And seat thee, at last, by my side on my throne,—
I'm ready to give thee a welcome,—and thou,
My trembler, what say'st thou? Answer me now."

Oh, what is my answer? I lie at thy feet,
I cling to thy promise, thy words I repeat;
Convinced of my sin, self-accused, self-abhorred,
Yet never despairing, for thou art my Lord.

The Lord will conduct by a way yet unknown,
And seat me, at last, by his side, on his throne;
The Lord hath redeemed, and he never will lose
The souls that he died thus to pardon and choose.

Safe, safe to eternity! waiting awhile,
Upheld by thy power, and refreshed by thy smile,
Each moment the nearer to home in the skies,
Each moment the louder let praises arise.

“I hold still.”

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”—2 COR. iv. 17.

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, “As God will!”
And in its hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, “As God will!”
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

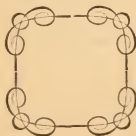
He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, “As God will!”
And in his mighty hand hold still.

"I HOLD STILL."

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit, purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him, and suffer still.

[From the German of Sturm.]



My God, I know that I must die.

“For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.”—1 COR. xv. 53.

MY God, I know that I must die;
My mortal life is passing hence;
On earth I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence.
Then teach me, by thy heavenly grace,
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God, I know not *when* I die,—
What is the moment or the hour,—
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower;
Then may thy child preparéd be
Through time to meet eternity.

My God, I know not *how* I die,
For death has many ways to come,—
In dark, mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some;
Just as thou wilt, if but it be
For ever, blessed Lord, with thee.

My God, I know not *where* I die,—
Where is my grave, beneath what strand;
Yet, from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by thy hand.
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is thine!

My gracious God! when I must die,
Oh, bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share thy glory and thy love!
Then comes it right and well to me,
When, where, and how, my death shall be.



From Thee cometh Help.

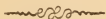
DEAR Lord, this world which thou hast wrought,
And with thine own divineness fraught,
No fullness has for me :
I pine within this fair abode,
Nor, howe'er glad content can be,
Though from it to my heart has flowed
A beauty like the sea.

The narrow hopes of earthly days,
The little hum of human praise,
Leave hunger in my breast ;
Though by her promise oft beguiled
To follow in an eager quest,
Deceiving Hope a moment smiled,
Then left me void of rest.

Beset with phantoms side by side,
Through things of time my footsteps glide,
And like to shadows flee ;
And beauty that may fill the soul
Athirst for an Infinity,
Springs not where circling seasons roll,
But lives alone in Thee.

Ah! then, from out my strivings vain,
Thou home of rest, thou peace from pain,
 I come to thee alone:
O Fount of life,—O Life of day,—
 O Fullness of creation's zone,—
Lift on my life the quick'ning ray
 That makes me born thine own.

[Geo. Leon Walker.]



Sick and in Prison.

“Make haste, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord.”—PSALM lxx. 1.

WILDLY falls the night around me;
Chains I can not break have bound me;
Spirits unrebuked, undriven
From before me, darken heaven;
Creeds bewilder, and the saying
Unfelt prayers, makes need of praying.

In this bitter anguish lying,
Only thou wilt hear my crying,—
Thou, whose hands wash white the erring,
As the wool is at the shearing:
Not with dulcimer or psalter,
But with tears, I seek thy altar.

Feet that trod the Mount so weary,
 Eyes that pitying looked on Mary,
 Hands that brought the Father's blessing,
 Heads of little children pressing,
 Voice that said, "Behold thy brother,"
 Lo! I seek ye and none other.

Look, O gentlest eyes of pity,
 Out of Zion, glorious city;
 Speak, O voice of mercy, sweetly;
 Hide me, hands of love, completely;
 Sick, in prison, lying lonely,
 Ye can lift me up, ye only.

In my hot brow soothe the aching,
 In my sad heart stay the breaking,
 On my lips the murmur trembling,
 Change to praises undissembling;
 Make me wise as the evangelists,
 Clothe me with the wings of angels.

Power that made the few loaves many,
 Power that blessed the wine at Cana,
 Power that said to Lazarus, "Waken!"
 Leave, oh leave me not forsaken!
 Sick and hungry, and in prison,
 Save me, Crucified and Risen!

[Alice Carey.]

My Work.

"For we are laborers together with God."—1 Cor. iii. 9.

I HAVE a work to do,
A work I may not shun;
One path I must pursue
Until my life be done.
What others do I need not ask;
Enough for me, I know my task.

'Tis not to seek for wealth;
I covet no man's store;
I thank my God for health;
I ask for nothing more;
My daily wants are soon supplied,
Or what I do not need, denied.

Let others seek for fame,
The homage of an hour,
I care not for a name,
For glory or for power.
The race I leave to others free,
Such transient bliss is not for me.

Pleasure, that syren fair,
Has lost her power to harm;
Her joys are empty air,
I own no more their charm;
For other accents seem to say,
“Stay not, but work while yet 'tis day.”

To wipe the trembling tear
From the pale mourner's eye,
To soothe the anxious fear,
Or hush the rising sigh;
This is a bliss for which I live,
A joy that wealth can never give.

To strive against the wrong,
Which takes the name of right,—
To battle with the strong,
And conquer in the fight,
Brings truer happiness than could
The warrior's wreath, if bathed in blood.

Work, then, from day to day,
Nor pause for praise or blame;
Care not for what men say,
Duty is still the same:
The rest which all at times would crave,
To none is distant,—in the grave.

[Knickerbocker.]

“Wake, thou that sleepest.”

EPHESIANS V. 14.

WAKE, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the
 night,
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight!
Wake! ere the earth-born charm unnerves thee
 quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed.
Do something,—do it soon, with all thy might!
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou did'st e'er exist.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose,—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever
 due.

[Wilcox.]

Low Spirits.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou dis-
quieted in me? hope thou in God."—PSALM xlii. 5.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing, unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke ;
The streets resound with noise ;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me, smiles are near,
Kind welcomes to be had,
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part ;
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God, now do thy work,
As thou hast done before ;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvelous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time
Most musically rung.

'Tis not his justice, or his power,
Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
Of the eternal God.

It is not of his wondrous works,
Nor even that he is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought! lie closer to my heart,
That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

I bless the Lord for this kind check
To spirits over free,
And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of Thee.

[Frederick Faber.]

Jesus, still lead on.

"For thou art my rock and my fortress ; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me !" — PSALM xxxi. 3.

JESUS still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless.
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more !

Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

[Zinzendorf.]



Prayer.

"I will, therefore, that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting."—1 TIM. ii. 8.

BE not afraid to pray,—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

[Hartley Coleridge.]

Christian Duty.

"To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life."—ROMANS ii. 7.

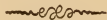
To be the thing we seem;
To do the thing we deem
 Enjoined by duty;
To walk in faith, nor dream
Of questioning God's scheme
 Of truth and beauty;

Casting self-love aside,
Discarding human pride,
 Our hearts to measure:
In humble hope to bide
Each change in fortune's tide,
 At God's good pleasure;

To trust, although deceived;
Tell truth, though not believed;
 Falsehood disdaining:
Patient of ills received,
To pardon when aggrieved,
 Passion restraining;

With love no wrongs can chill,
To save, unwearied still,
The weak from falling :
This is to do God's will
On earth, and to fulfill
Our heavenly calling.

[Horæ Poeticæ.]



Prayer for Mercy.

“ He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.” — LUKE iv. 18.

O Saviour, pity all who weep,
And, weeping, seek thy feet;
Thou givest thy beloved sleep,—
Oh, make it calm and sweet.

Have mercy upon all who faint
Along their upward way,
Sore troubled by the lingering taint
Of Adam's sinful clay.

PRAYER FOR MERCY.

Have mercy upon all who strive
In fear, for daily bread,
The poor man's drooping strength revive,
At thine own table fed.

Have mercy upon all who part,—
Love mourneth sore alone,—
Heal tenderly each breaking heart,
And bind it to thine own.

Have mercy upon all who err,
They need it more than all;
Lead home each hapless wanderer,
And raise up those that fall.

The deaf, the blind, the lepers heard
Of old thy piercing voice;
Speak to our souls that quickening word,
Arise! Be clean! Rejoice!

Consecration.

From the Greek, by E. B. Browning.

FROM my lips in their defilement
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue, which speaks not fair,
From my soul, stained every where,—
O my Jesus, take my prayer!
Spurn me not, for all it says,—
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endued!
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would,
Or teach me (which I rather seek),
What to do and what to speak.
I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with thee,
 And bringing myrrh, the highest priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee
Thy blessed feet accordingly.
 My God, my Lord, my Christ,
As thou saidest not, "Depart,"
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art

The gentlest one of all words said !
 But give thy feet to me instead,
 That tenderly I may them kiss,
 And clasp them close, and never miss,
 With over-dropping tears, as free
 And precious as that myrrh could be,
 T' anoint them bravely from my knee !
 Wash me with thy tears ! draw nigh me,
 That their salt may purify me !
 Thou remit my sins, who knowest
 All the sinning, to the lowest, —
 Knowest all my wounds, and seest
 All the stripes thyself decreest ;
 Yea, but knowest all my faith, —
 Seest all my force to death, —
 Hearest all my wailings low
 That mine evil should be so.

Nothing hidden but appears
 In thy knowledge, O Divine,
 O Creator, Saviour mine !

Not a drop of falling tears,
 Not a breath of inward moan,
 Not a heart-beat which is gone.

[St. Joannes Damascenus.]

First and Last.

'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful;
Not first the beautiful, and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful;
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad:
Tears for a day, for earth of tears is full;
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'Tis first the night,—stern night of storm and war,
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the fair sparkle of the Morning Star,
That bids the saint awake, and day arise.

Advice.

"Blessed be God, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. i. 3, 4.

WE must feel ere we can pity;
We must long before we pray;
We must know the need of comfort
Ere we cheer another's way.

Art thou, then, the only mourner?
Throbs no breaking heart but thine?
Does the earth's green surface never
Hide a deep and wealthy mine?

Know we not what wondrous structures
Grow beneath the rolling seas?
Coral reefs in hidden natures
Rise as silently as these.

May be that thy strength of purpose
Might uplift some sinking heart;
And the ray to thee returning,
A refracted light impart.

For 'tis strange we should have power
Oft to give another peace,
While we vainly bid the anguish
Of our own vexed spirit cease.



Christian Trust.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—ROM.
viii. 28.

OH, what a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the cross! The feverish care;
The wish that we were other than we are;
The sick regrets; the yearnings numberless;
The thought, "This might have been," so apt to
press

On the reluctant soul; even past despair,
Past sin itself,—all, all is turned to fair,
Aye, to a scheme of ordered happiness,
So soon as we love God, or rather know
That God loves us. Accepting the great pledge
Of his concern for all our wants and woe,
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge;
While varying troubles form and break anew,
Safe in a Father's arms, we smile as infants do.

[Chauncey Hare Townshend.]

A Girl's Thoughts on her Twentieth Birthday.

"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?" — JER. iii. 4.

GIRLHOOD'S sunny days are over
With to-day;
They, with all their wayward brightness,
Pass away;
Woman's earnest path before me
Lieth straight:
Who can tell what grief and anguish
There await?

Guide me, Father, God of mercy,
On the way;
Never from thy holy guidance
Let me stray:
Give that meed of joy or sorrow
Pleaseth thee,
Whatsoever thy will ordaineth
Best for me.

In the shadow and the darkness
 Be my star ;
In the light, lest radiance dazzle,
 Go not far ;
Make me patient, kind, and gentle,
 Day by day ;
Teach me how to live more nearly
 As I pray.

That my heart so much desireth
 Grant me still,
If the earnest hope accordeth
 With thy will ;
Should thy mercy quite withhold it,
 Be thou near ;
Let me feel I hold its promise
 All too dear.

Here, upon life's very threshold,
 Take my heart ;
From thy holy guidance let it
 Ne'er depart ;
When life's stormy strife is over,
 Take me home,
There to be more fully, truly,
 Thine alone.

Longings for Heaven.

“And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”—ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

HOLY Zion! land supernal,
Sacred palace of our King,
Where the saints will reign eternal,—
Sweet it is of thee to sing!

All is joy and bliss within thee;
Songs of triumph ceaseless rise;
There's no grief for those that win thee,
Sadness, pining, tears nor sighs.

All earth's storms for them subsiding,—
They have reached the port of rest;
In their Saviour's love abiding,
With his peace for ever blest.

With his glory he surrounds them,
While like him I see them shine;
With unfading crowns he's crowned them,
And their vestments are divine.

Turn from him their souls will never, —
All submissive to his love;
Sin has lost its power for ever,
Where his praise is sung above.

O my Lord, who by thy passion,
On these heav'ns hast set my eyes, —
Thou hast clothed me with salvation:
For this rest my spirit sighs.

[J. E. Rankin.]

— — — — —
Vi et armis.

“Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.”— EPH. vi. 14.

MY soul, be strong! confront thy life,
Nor feebly moan with weak complaint;
Arouse to wage the mortal strife,
Thou shrinking coward, pale and faint!

Look up at Truth's unchanging face;
That brow, though stern, is yet serene;
And sometimes, for the heart of grace,
On those white lips a smile hath been.

It will not serve thee to delay ;
Shall the rude ocean cease to roar,
Because thy wild and dangerous way
Lies to its dimly visioned shore ?

The warrior on the tented field
Lingers no more to look behind,
But raises high his bossy shield,
And casts his banner to the wind.

Shake off thy dreams ! Let faith and prayer
Light the drear way, — the path is straight ;
Contagion fills the misty air,
And clustering snares around thee wait.

Hope not for succor from below,
Stars shine from heaven, and shine at night ;
Be stout of heart ; come weal or woe,
Forward ! and God defend the right !

[A. W. II.]

Jesus, lead the way.

“Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.” — HEB. xii. 1, 2.

JESUS, lead the way,
So we shall not stray
From the path, while here abiding,
But shall follow thy safe guiding:
Lead us by the hand
To the fatherland.

Should we fare but hard,
Stand we fast on guard;
Though the days be very dreary,
Never of our burdens weary;
For through trouble's sea
Lies our road to thee.

Should some secret smart
Vex and wound the heart,
Or another's woe and weakness, —
Grant us patience, — grant us meekness
Lift thou up our mind
To the end designed.

Lord, thy guidance lend
Through life to the end;
Though the way be rough and trying,
Be thou needful help supplying;
And when all is o'er,
Open, Lord, the door!

[From the German of Jesu Geh Voran.]

~~~~~
Self-Condernation.

"If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."—1 JOHN iii. 20.

LORD, many times I am weary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
Yet be not thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;—
Take thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things per-
verse

We know of our own selves they also knew;—
Lord, Holy One! if thou, who knowest worse,
Shouldst loathe us too!

[Trench.]

None but Christ.

THE Lord, he is my strength and stay;
When Sorrow's cup o'erflows the brim,
It sweetens all, if I can say,
It is from him! it is from him!

When, humbly laboring for my Lord,
Faint grows the heart and weak the limb,
What strength and joy are in the word,
It is for him! it is for him!

I hope for ever to abide
Amid the shining seraphim,
Delivered, pardoned, glorified;—
But 'tis through him! it is through him!

Then welcome be the hour of death,
When Nature's lamp burns low and dim,
If I can cry with dying breath,
I go to him, I go to him!

[A. L. O. E.]

Would you be young again?

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

WOULD you be young again?

So would not I,—

One tear to memory given,

Onward I'd hie.

Life's dark flood forded o'er,

All but at rest on shore,

Say, would you plunge once more,

With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now

Retrace your way,—

Wander through stormy wilds,

Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,

Morning all beaming red,

Hope's smiles around us shed,

Heavenward,—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight? —
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily,—
Come, life and light.



Sowing and Reaping.

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.” — PSALM cxxvi. 5.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread:
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep ;
And your warm tears fall upon it, —
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, — for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day,
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own hearts' trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.



Peace.

MY soul, there is a countrie,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd sentrie
All skillful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul, awake !)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace, —
The rose that can not wither, —
Thy fortresse and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But one who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

[Henry Vaughan.]

Rest.

“Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.” — PSALM cxvi. 7.

WEARY, Lord, of struggling here
With this constant doubt and fear,
Burdened by the pains I bear,
And the trials I must share, —
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the rest that's found in thee.

Wakened by the wayward will
Which controls, yet cheats me still,
Seeking something undefined
With an earnest, darkened mind, —
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the light that breaks from thee.

Fettered by this earthly scope,
In the reach and aim of hope,
Fixing thought in narrow bound,
Where no living truth is found, —
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the hope that's fixed on thee.

Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,
Lord, once more thy grace I seek;
Turn, oh, turn me not away!
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray,
That I never more may flee
From the rest that's found in thee.

[Protestant Churchman.]

The World.

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."—JOHN xvi. 8.

THE world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

THE WORLD.

The world is strong, with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be, —

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is so beautiful one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be, —

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by day;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be, —

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The Cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be, —

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made thee
of old;

Why,—thy faith hath gone out, and thy love
grown cold;

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is love that thou lackest, thou poor old world!
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old
world?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have his own way;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.

[Frederick Faber.]



Humility.

"Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up."—JAMES iv. 10.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade, where all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet.
Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the Throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

[James Montgomery.]

Psalm 130.

“ Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice ; let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand ? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning ; I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord : for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.”

FROM the deeps of grief and fear,
 O Lord, to thee my soul repairs ;
 From thy heaven bow down thy ear,
 Let thy mercy meet my prayers ;
 Oh, if thou mark'st
 What's done amiss,
 What soul so pure
 Can see thy bliss ?

But with thee sweet Mercy stands,
 Sealing pardons, working fear ;
 Wait, my soul, wait on his hands,—
 Wait, mine eye,—oh, wait, mine ear !
 If he his eye
 Or tongue affords,
 Watch all his looks,
 Catch all his words !

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again,
When the night grows old and gray,
To be relieved he calls amain;
So look, so wait,
So long, mine eyes,
To see my Lord,
My sun, arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord,
For from his tongue sweet mercy flows;
Wait on his cross, wait on his word,—
Upon that tree redemption grows;
He will redeem
His Israel
From sin and wrath,
From death and hell.

[Phineas Fletcher.]



Christian Confidence.

“But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.”—ZECH. xiv. 7.

WE will not weep, for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us;
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint, if heavy burdens bind us;
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin, with its fears, shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that fail without their friend.
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.

The Pilgrim.

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." — HEBREWS xi. 13.

STILL onward through this land of foes,
I pass in Pilgrim guise ;
I may not stop to seek repose,
Where cool the shadow lies ;
I may not stoop amid the grass,
To pluck earth's fairest flowers,
Nor by her springing fountains pass
The sultry noontide hours ;

Yet flowers I wear upon my breast,
That no earth-garden knows, —
White lilies of immortal peace,
And love's deep-tinted rose ;
And there the blue-eyed flowers of faith,
And Hope's bright buds of gold,
As lone I tread the upward path,
In richest hues unfold.

I keep my armor ever on,
For foes beset my way;
I watch, lest passing on alone,
I fall a helpless prey.
No earthly love have I,—I lean
Upon no mortal breast;
But my Belovéd, though unseen,
Walks near and gives me rest.

Afar, around, I often see,
Throughout this desert wide,
His pilgrims, pressing on like me,—
They often pass my side:
The kindly smile, the gentle word,
For Jesus' sake I give;
But love,—O thou alone adored!
For thee alone I live.

Painful and dark the pathway seems,
To distant earthly eyes;
They only see the hedging thorns
On either side that rise;
They can not know how soft between,
The flowers of love are strown,—
The sunny ways, the pastures green,
Where Jesus leads his own;

THE PILGRIM.

They can not see, as darkening clouds
Behind the pilgrim close,
How far adown the western glade
The golden glory flows ;
They can not hear 'mid earthly din
The song to pilgrims known,
Still blending with the angels' hymn
Around the wondrous throne.

So I, thy bounteous token-flowers
Still on my bosom wear ;
While me, the floating love-winged hours
To thee still nearer bear ;
So from my lips thy song shall flow,
My sweetest music be ;
So on my eyes the glory grow,
Till all is lost in thee.



God's Support and Guidance.

"Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Hide not thy face far from me ; put not thy servant away in anger ; thou hast been my help ; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."—PSALM xxvii. 8, 9.

FORSAKE me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation !
Give me thy light to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what ;
Oh, lead her to thyself,—
My God, forsake me not !

Forsake me not, my God !
Take not thy Spirit from me ;
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot ;
My Father, pity me ;
My God, forsake me not !

Forsake me not, my God !
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour ;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not thou far from me ;
My God, forsake me not !

Forsake me not, my God !
Uphold me in my going ;
That evermore I may
Please thee in all well-doing ;
And that thy will, O Lord,
May never be forgot
In all my works and ways, —
My God, forsake me not !

Forsake me not, my God !
I would be thine for ever ;
Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavor.
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul ;
My God, forsake me not !

[Translated from the German.]

Evening Song.

“My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed.”—PSALM lxxi. 23.

LORD, a happy child of thine,
Patient through the love of thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives, and walks at liberty.

Leaning on thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is thine to keep
At thy feet my work I do,
In thy arms I fall asleep.

Tender mercies on my way,
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

EVENING SONG.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To eternal love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to thee
Be an everlasting song.

[Mrs. Waring.]



The Ordeal.

“And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.” — MAL. iii. 3.

'Tis sweet to feel that he who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal, too, destroy.

'Tis good to think how well he knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal through which it goes,
And that, with skill and care,
He'll take it from the fire when fit
For his own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that he
The piece he has begun
Will not forsake, till he can see
(To prove the work well done,)
An image, by its brightness shown,
The perfect likeness of his own.

But, oh! how much of earthly mould,
Dark relics of the mine,
Lost from the ore, must he behold;
How long must he refine,
Ere in the silver he can trace
The first faint semblance to his face.

Thou great Refiner, sit thou by,
Thy purpose to fulfill;
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
And melted at thy will,
Oh, may thy work for ever shine,
Reflecting beauty clear as thine!



Music.

JESUS the soul of music is,—
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus' name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation;
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing,—
Us, whom his mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is king,
Cheerful are all our faces;
Who of his love doth once partake,
He evermore rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary,

MUSIC.

Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing,
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Honor and thanks and blessing.

Then let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory ascribe to Love divine,
Worship and adoration;
Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on;
Heaven is ours for ever!

[Charles Wesley.]



The Heart's Song.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. iii. 20.

In the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom door;
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore.
Say not, 'tis thy pulses beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth,
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down, with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in :
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not !

[A. C. Coxé.]

Want of Thought.

ALAS ! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod,
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod,
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God !

The wounds I might have healed.
The human sorrows and smart !
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part :
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

[T. Hood.]

Thoughts in a Wheat Field.

“The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels.”—MATT. xiii. 39.

IN his wide fields walks the Master,
In his fair fields, ripe for harvest;
Where the evening sun shines slant-wise
On the rich ears heavy bending.

Saith the Master: “It is time.”
Though no leaf shows brown decadence,
And September’s nightly frost-bite
Only reddens the horizon,—
“It is full time,” saith the Master,
The wise Master, “It is time.”

Lo, he looks. That look compelling
Brings his laborers to the harvest;
Quick they gather, as in autumn,
Passage-birds in cloudy eddies

Drop upon the sea-side fields;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet shod with swift obedience,
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And uprears his sickle, shining,

“Speak, O Master, is it time?”

O'er the fields the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears droop downwards,
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay tares flaunt in rows:
But the sickles, the sharp sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing;
Songs are heard in earth and heaven,
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest time.

O great Master, are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art thou walking in thy wheat fields?
Are the snowy-wingéd reapers
Gathering in the silent air?
Are thy signs abroad, the glowing
Of the distant sky, blood reddened —
And the near fields trodden, blighted,
Choked by the gaudy tares triumphant?
Sure it must be harvest time.

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether it be at dawn or sunset,
When night dews weigh down the wheat ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?

Only may thy voice, good Master,
Peal above the reapers' chorus,
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling,—
“Gather all into my garner,
For it is my harvest time.”

[Miss Muloch.]



River of God !

“And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.”—REV. xxii. 1.

RIVER of God ! that springest
Before the throne on high,
To weary men thou bringest
Healing and comfort nigh.

Beside thy crystal waters,
Within thy golden street,
God's chosen sons and daughters
In one bright body meet.

They know no care for ever;
Sorrow and pain are o'er:
That union nought shall sever,—
They “*live* for evermore.”

They stand in peace before him
Whose name is on their brow;
They love and they adore him
Before whose throne they bow.

They see the hand that fed them,
The power that kept them strong;
They bless the love that led them
Tenderly all life long.

River of God! with gladness
That city thou dost fill;
Thou dost dispel all sadness,—
Thou dost all strength instill.

River of God! beside thee
Pure joys and love abide;
What though earth's mists may hide thee,
What though rash men deride?

They hide, but can not stain thee;
We feel that thou art pure;
We can not yet attain thee,
Yet know thee ever sure.

Abel entering Heaven.

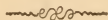
"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—REV.
xiv. 3.

TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown;
A song unknown to angel ears,
A song that told of banished fears,
Of pardoned sins, and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could these high notes attain!
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain,
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffered long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still, as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly ransomed soul on high,
To join the chorus there;
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all redeemed by Christ below
To that fair world of rapture go.

Oh give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice ;
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys ;
The song that ne'er was heard before —
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore.



Fullness of Christ.

WHAT the heart is at the birth,
What the soul is to the earth,
What the gem is to the mine,
What the grape is to the vine,
What the bloom is to the tree,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the string is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What the spring is to the watch,
What the nerve is to the touch,
What the breeze is to the sea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the estate is to the heir,
What the autumn's to the year,
What the seed is to the farm,
What the sunbeam's to the corn,
What the flower is to the bee,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the light is to the eye,
What the sun is to the sky,
What the sea is to the river,
What the hand is to the giver,
What a friend is to the plea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What culture is unto the waste,
What honey is unto the taste,
What fragrance is unto the smell,
Or springs of water to a well,
What beauty is in all I see,
All this and more is Christ to me.

Hagar and Ishmael.

"He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water springs."—PSALM cvii. 35.

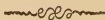
THEY sank amid the wilderness,
The weary and forsaken ;
She gave the boy one faint caress,
And prayed he might not waken.

Far, far away the desert spread :
Ah ! Love is fain to cherish
The vainest hopes ; but now she said,
Let me not see him perish.

Then spoke the Lord, and at his word
Sprang forth a little fountain,
Pure, cold as those whose crystal hoard
Is in some pine-clad mountain.

Oh, blessed God ! thus does thy power,
When, worn and broken-hearted,
We sink beneath some evil hour
And deem all hope departed.

Then doth the fountain of thy grace
Rise up within the spirit,
And we are strengthened for that race
Whose prize we shall inherit.



A Prayer for Divine Strength.

"For without me ye can do nothing."—JOHN xv. 5.

OH, send me not away! for I would drink,
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life!
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
Lo! I return all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride, and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And lend to me thy heavenly armor, Lord!

A Prayer.

O GRACIOUS God, my fainting heart
Calls thee to aid its prayer;
I can not see thee in thy heaven,
But feel that thou art there.

I seem to try to know thy word,
To make thy precepts mine;
Ah me! I am a feeble man, —
Thy precepts all divine.

Each day I gird me to perform
The duty I can see,
And see each day a wider space
Between myself and thee.

Oh, leave me not, dear blessed God,
A prey to my despair;
But give, of thine exceeding grace,
A value to my prayer.

Forgive undutiful neglect;
Forgive the secret sin;
And let me, dying to myself,
This day thy life begin.

Through me, let men behold thy light,
As through a window, shine;
And, blessing thee that I have lived,
Account the glory thine.

[E. J. C. Christian Inquirer.]



Childlike Submission.

WHAT pleases God, O pious soul,
Accept with joy, though thunders roll,
And tempests lower on every side;
Thou knowest naught can thee betide
But pleases God.

The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there calm and still;
Oh, make it hour by hour thine own,
And wish for naught but that alone
Which pleases God.

His thought is aye the wisest thought;
How oft man's wisdom comes to naught;
Mistake or weakness in it lurks,
It brings forth ill, and seldom works
What pleases God.

His mind is aye the gentlest mind,
His will and deeds are ever kind;
He blesses when against us speaks
The evil world, that rarely speaks
What pleases God.

His heart is aye the truest heart,
He bids all woe and harm depart:
Defending, shielding day and night
The man who knows and loves aright
What pleases God.

He governs all things here below,
In him lie 'all our weal and woe:
He bears the world within his hand,
And so to us bear sea and land
What pleases God.

And o'er his little flock he yearns,
And when to evil ways it turns,
The Father's rod oft smiteth sore,
Until it learns to do once more
What pleases God.

What most would profit us he knows,
And ne'er denies aught good to those
Who with their utmost strength pursue
The right, and only care to do

What pleases God.

If this be so, then, World from me
Keep, if thou wilt, what pleases thee
But thou, my soul, be well content
With God, and all things he hath sent,
As pleases God.

And must thou suffer here and there,
Cling but the firmer to his care;
For all things are beneath his sway,
And must in every truth obey

What pleases God.

True faith will grasp his mercy fast,
And hope bring patience at the last;
Then both within thy heart enshrine,
So shall the heritage be thine

That pleases God.

To thee for ever shall be given
A kingdom and a throne in heaven:
And there shall be fulfilled in thee,
And thou shalt taste and hear and see

What pleases God.

[Paul Gerhardt—1653.]

Night Song.

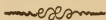
HEART, be still!
In the darkness of thy woe,
Bow thee, silently and low;
Comes to thee whate'er God will,—
Be thou still!

Be thou still!
Vainly all thy words are spoken;
Till the word of God hath broken
Life's dark mysteries,—good or ill;
Be thou still,

Sleep thou still!
'Tis thy Father's work of grace;
Wait thou yet before his face,
He thy sure deliverance will,—
Keep thou still!

Lord, my God!
By thy grace, oh, may I be
All-submissive, silently,
To the chastenings of the rod,—
Lord, my God.

Shepherd, king!
From thy fullness, grant to me
Still, yet fearless faith in thee,
Till from night the day shall spring,
Shepherd, king.



Withdrawing from God.

Not thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from thee.

WHEN we are dark and dead,
And thou art covered with a cloud
Hanging before thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh, teach us that we do not say
“Where is thy brightness fled?”

But that we search and try
What in *ourselves* has wrought this blame,
For thou remainest still the same.
But earth's own vapors earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The *sun* is in the sky.

[Trench.]

Distractions in Prayer.

Al! dearest Lord! I can not pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from thee.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glow bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then,
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear;
New hopes start into life;
And past and future gayly blend
In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits;
My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind,
My inner self to tire.

I can not pray; yet, Lord, thou know'st
The pain it is to me,
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.

Ah, Jesus! teach me how to prize
These tedious hours, when I,
Foolish and mute before thy face,
In helpless worship lie.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
O'er tongue and eye and ear,
Had I but mortified all day
Each joy as it came near,—

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
But in the thought of thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

Yet thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self,
Most often finds thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on thee.

The soul that on self-sacrifice
Is covetously bent,
Will bless thy chastening hand that makes
Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within!

These surface troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea,
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee.

[Frederick Faber.]

— e s —
A Hymn.

Christ the way, the truth, and the life.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call the brethren forth from want and woe;

We look to thee ! thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, thou art still the life ; thou art the way
The holiest know—light, life, and way of heaven ;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast
given.

[Theodore Parker.]

Mercies.

"For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting." PSALM c. 5.

STILL, soft, and white upon the tasseled pine
The wreathing snows their graceful garlands
twine;

The generous tribute lieth lightly prest
Upon each pointed spire and tufted crest;
Falling unheeded from the sky above,
Upon its brightness comes the chilling rain,—
Dissolves in silence all the treasured gain;
Into the bosom of the green old tree,
Unseen the snowflakes sink all silently,
And with soft touch its hidden pulses move.

So on our heads, O Lord, thy mercies fall,
Attend each sore distress, each sorrow small.
Evil—unthankful—wheresoe'er we go,
Thy love rests on us, lavish as the snow,
Unheeded oft from the abundance given.
Dark, heavy gusts of sorrow touch the soul,
And silently the burdened blessings roll
Into our hearts unseen, to nourish there—
Perchance forgot—the sacrament of prayer!

[Independent.]

Listen, listen to the Hour!

LISTEN, listen to the hour!

Ten strikes from the old church-tower.

Now pray, and then lie down to rest,
Ye whose minds are calm and blest;
Sleep soft and well,—in heaven bright
An eye wakes for you all the night.

Listen, listen to the hour!

Eleven from the old church-tower.

Ye who still more labor find,
Ye who read with anxious mind,
Once more to God in heaven pray,—
It is not too late,—now sleep till day!

Listen, listen to the hour!

Twelve strikes from the old church-tower.

Ye whom midnight still doth find
With aching heart and troubled mind,
God grant you now a quiet hour,
And guard and keep you by his power.

LISTEN, LISTEN TO THE HOUR.

Listen, listen to the hour!

One strikes from the old church-tower.

Ye who now with shame and fear,
Thieving steal through pathways drear,—
I dare not hope,—but oh, beware!
Though none are nigh, your Judge is there.

Listen, listen to the hour!

Two strikes from the old church-tower.

Ye who, though 'tis nearly day,
On your hearts let sorrow prey,
Poor fools! repose and sleep are here,
God cares for you,—do not fear!

Listen, listen to the hour!

Three strikes from the old church-tower.

The morning twilight fades away;
Ye who dare to greet the day,
Thank God, and fear not,—all is well;
Now go to work, and so, farewell.



Out in the Cold.

THE air is cold, the way is dark and dreary,
The night has come ;
I see thee wander, foot-sore, faint, and weary,
Afar from home.

The stars retire, the clouded skies are weeping
Their chilling tears ;
Through the thick mists, the shadows weirdly
creeping,
No dawn appears.

Beset with forms of evil thronging round thee,
O stranger soul,
How canst thou break the spell that now hath
bound thee
In its control ?

No light,—no hope,—oh, hear that soft voice
calling
In tones of love,
Sweeter than sound of silver streamlet falling
In shady grove.

OUT IN THE COLD.

A Saviour's ear has heard thy mournful story,
It thrilled his heart, —
He calls thee, — rise, thou new-made heir of glory ;
Bid doubt depart.

Thou hast a friend ! No longer sad and lonely,
Condemned to grieve,
That pleading voice is one of mercy only,
Then hear and live.

Look upward, — see, the banquet-hall is lighted ;
It shines for thee ;
The feast is spread, — the white-robed guests in-
vited,
All, all for thee !

A happy child, there shalt thou dwell for ever
In perfect peace.
There rich fruition crowns each bright endeavor,
And struggles cease.

Lulled by the music low of life's pure river,
Lie down at last,
Out in the cold ? Ah, no, at home for ever,
Thy lot is cast !

A little Bird I am.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there, —
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.

Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear;
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round ;
Abroad I can not fly ;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls can not control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in His mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind !

[Madam Guion.]



Judge not.

"But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." —ROMANS xiv. 10.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below,
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some internal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou dardest to despise,—
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but ever wait
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

[Household Words.]

~~~~~
The Pilgrim of Earth.

PILGRIM of earth, who art journeying to heaven!
Heir of eternal life! child of the day!
Cared for, watched over, loved and forgiven,—
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

Cared for, watched over, tho' often thou seemest
Justly forsaken, nor counted a child;
Loved and forgiven, tho' rightly thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

Weary and thirsty, no water-brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way,
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee,—
He will provide thee with strength for the day.

Break through the brambles and briers that
obstruct thee,

Dread not the gloom and the blackness of
night,

Lean on the hand that will safely conduct thee,
Trust to his eye to whom darkness is light.

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,

Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord,—
Grace to go forward wherever he guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of his word.

Still on thy spirit deep anguish is pressing,

Not for the yoke that his wisdom bestows;
A heavier burden thy soul is distressing,
A heart that is slow in his love to repose.

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behavior,—

Ah! thou mayest sorrow, but do not despair,—
Even this grief thou mayest bring to thy Saviour;
Cast upon him e'en this burden and care!

Bring all thy hardness,—his power can sub-
due it;

How full is the promise! the blessing how free!
“Whatsoever ye ask, in my name, I will do it,—
Abide in my love, and be joyful in me.”

Strive, Wait, and Pray.

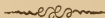
STRIVE, yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not,
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, with hopeful tears;

An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

[Adelaide Ann Proctor.]



The Word of the Lord.

THY word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine:
Lord, to thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of thine.
Watered from thee,
Let every tree
Put forth and blossom to thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days.

Thy word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns thy word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth
O'er all the earth,
To purify all hearts within,
And shatter all the might of sin.

Thy word, a wondrous morning star,
On pilgrims' hearts doth rise,
Leads to their Lord, who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still on every spirit shine,
That none may miss thy light divine.

[Translated by Catharine Winkworth.]

The Guiding Hand.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."—PSALM. lv. 22.

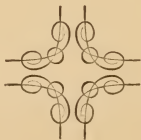
Is this the way, my Father? 'Tis, my child.
Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild
If thou wouldst reach the city, undefiled,
Thy peaceful home above.

But enemies are round! Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expectest, thou'lt find a
foe;
But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,
Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark ! Child, take my hand,
Cling close to me ; I'll lead thee through the land ;
Trust my all-seeing care ; so shalt thou stand
 'Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide ! Child, only raise
Thine eye to me, then, in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings ; thou shalt praise
 Me for each step, above.

O Father, I am weary ! Child, lean thy head
Upon my breast. It was my love that spread
Thy rugged path ; hope on, till I have said,
 " Rest, rest for aye, above."



Evening Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—
PSALM cii. 1.

I COME to thee, to-night,
In my lone closet where no eye can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee,
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all,—the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer:
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy scepter to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could
brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

EVENING PRAYER.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew,
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone,
Would I these blessings of thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er,
Whom thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe afflictions, griefs and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father! take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

[From Hymns of the Ages.]

Conversion.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature : old things are passed away : behold all things are become new."—2 COR. V. 17.

O FAITH! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts,
We know not how or when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem ;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

To one, the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring ;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

CONVERSION.

Oh, gift of gifts! Oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Should'st give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

How many hearts thou might'st have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
Then faith shines full and bright.

O happy, happy that I am,
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of goodness, then
I lovingly adore;
Oh, give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to merit more!

[Frederick Faber.]



The Heart's Core.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

"HEART, heart, lie still !
Life is fleeting fast,
Strife will soon be past."

"I can not lie still,
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still !
Joy's but joy, and pain's but pain ;
Either little loss or gain."

"I can not lie still,
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still !
Heaven is over all,
Rules this earthly ball."

"I can not lie still,
Beat strong I will."

“Heart, heart, lie still!
Heaven’s sweet grace alone
Can keep in peace its own.”
“Let that me fill,
And I am still.”

[Disciples’ Hymn Book.]



Confession.

Oh, what a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets, and in them many a chest;
And, like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box a till;
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God’s afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath designed.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts,
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

CONFESSION.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about,
And till they find and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out;
No smith can make such locks, but they have
keys;
Closets are halls to them; and hearts highways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they can not enter;
Or, if they enter, can not rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastening have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away;
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond; let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

[George Herbert.]

Going Home.

“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.”—LUKE xviii. 16.

THEY are going, only going;
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going,—only going,—
When with summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going,—ever going,—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn Time,
They have taken up their homeward
March, to that serener clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadows dim,
To the brightness of his presence
Who has called them unto him.

They are going, — only going
Out of pain, and into bliss, —
Out of sad and sinful weakness,
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows, — no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes, — tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips, — no time shall fade them; —
Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts for ever stainless, —
Little hands as pure as they, —
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way.
They are going, — ever going,
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them, —
Suffer, and forbid them not.

[Religious Miscellany.]

Rest and Labor.

“Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past.”

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.”

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

“Two hands to work address,
Aye, for His praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking his ways;
Two eyes that look above,
Still, through all tears;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Nevermore fears.”

So cry we afterwards, low at our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers,—Father, hear these!

[From Chambers's Journal.]

Growing in Grace.

"But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 PETER iii. 18.

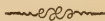
THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know,
That only when we love, we find,
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray;
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our suffering brother's need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now that we,
With such a careless eye, can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone,
With this our pride repress;
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

[Richard Chenevix Trench.]



The Land of Promise.

THERE is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
And love will never die.
Tell me,—I fain would go,
For I am burdened with a heavy woe,—
The beautiful have left me all alone,
The true, the tender from my path have gone,
And I am weak and fainting with despair.
Where is it? Tell me, where?
Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and toil, and strife.

Think how the Son of God
 These thorny paths hath trod;
 Think how he longed to go,
 Yet tarried out for thee th' appointed woe;
 Think of his loneliness in places dim,
 When no man comforted or cared for him;
 Think how he prayed, unaided and alone,
 In that dread agony, "Thy will be done!"
 Friend, do not thou despair;
 Christ, in his heaven of heavens, will hear thy
 prayer.

[From the German of Uhland.]

Affliction.

"For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—HEBREWS xii. 6.

Who that a watcher doth remain
 Beside a couch of mortal pain,
 Deems he can ever smile again?

Or who that weeps beside a bier,
 Counts he has any more to fear
 From the world's flatteries, false and leer?

And yet anon and he doth start
At the light toys in which his heart
Can now already claim its part.

Oh, heart of ours ! so weak and poor,
That nothing there can long endure ;
And so their hurts find shameful cure,—

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away, and comes to naught.

O Thou who dost our weakness know,
Watch for us, that the strong hours so
Not wean us from our wholesome woe.

Grant Thou that we may long retain
The wholesome memories of pain,
Nor wish to lose them soon again.

[Richard Chenevix Trench.]

An Ancient Choral.

"O Lamm Gottes Unschuldig."

LAMB of God, harmless, holy,
On the cross sacrificed for me;
Quiet, and meek, and lowly,
Though sinful men did deride thee;
Thou, our sins taking, bearing,
Dost forbid our despairing,
On us have mercy, Lord Jesus.

Lamb of God, in dust lying,
In tears and blood bathing sadly,
To thee for refuge flying,
We meet all pains and death gladly;
Thy wrestling, grieving, sighing,
Thy agonizing, dying,
Bring us sweet peace, O Lord Jesus.

Lamb of God, harmless, holy,
Making thyself an oblation;
Quietly, meekly, lowly,
Winning for us our salvation;
Thy love in grace shall sustain;
Thy love to love doth constrain,
Now and for ever, Lord Jesus.

Life's Purpose.

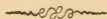
"Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." — TITUS ii. 12.

LIVE for thyself! let each successive morn
Rouse thee to plans of self-indulgent ease;
And every hour some new caprice be born,
Till all be thrown aside that does not please:
So shalt thou learn how shallow is the fount
Whose glittering waves all wholesome thirst
destroy,
And heartsick, even in youth, begin to count
Springs without hope, and summers blank of
joy!

Live for thy fellow-men! let all thy soul
Be given to serve and aid, to cheer and love;
Make sacrifice of self, and still control
All meaner motives which the heart might
move:
The sting of disappointment shall be thine;
The meed of base ingratitude be won;
Rare veins of gold illumine the labored mine,
And toil and sadness cloud thy setting sun!

A PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

Live for thy God! Thine anchor shall be cast
Where no false quicksands shift its hold away;
Through the clear future, from the sunrise past,
Glow the calm light along the even way.
The loss of human hope shall vex no more
Than the quick withering of earth's common
flowers,
For well thou know'st when pain and death are
o'er,
Eternal spring shall glad the heavenly bowers!



A Prayer for Guidance.

FATHER! the skies are dark above me,
Before me lies a trackless waste;
Long hast thou thus seen good to prove me,
O God! to my deliverance haste.

I do not ask that thou shouldst lighten
The clouds impending o'er my way;
I only ask that thou would'st brighten
Their darkness with one guiding ray.

I pray thee not to make less weary
The waste through which my pathway lies ;
I would see that path, though dreary,
And feel 'tis leading to the skies.

Guide me, my Father ! if before me
The Angel of thy presence go,
I will not shrink, though clouds are o'er me,
And round me gathered many a foe.

I do not falter at the distance
Between me and my heavenly home ;
Weary as seems this earth-existence,
I know 'tis bounded by the tomb.

Nor do I dread the ills that gather
Thick from the cradle to the grave ;
Nor from life's cares and griefs, my Father,
Do I implore thy power to save.

Only from this, — the darkness brooding
O'er every path of life I tread,
And from the gloomy fear intruding,
That thou my spirit ne'er hast led, —

A PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

I seek thy aid, I ask direction,
Teach me to do what pleaseth thee;
I can bear toil, endure affliction,
Only thy leadings let me see.

Saviour! thou knowest earth is dreary,
For thou hast trod its thorny maze;
Guide me through all its wanderings weary,
Keep me for ever in thy ways!

O God! my God, make no delaying,
Haste thee to help me when I cry;
Oh, let me hear thy spirit saying,
"This is the way, the Guide is nigh!

Guidance and strength from thee imploring,
Jesus, my prayer ascends to thee;
Lead me through life, that I, adoring,
May praise thee in eternity.

Thankfulness.

I THANK thee, O my God! who made
The earth so bright,—
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and bright.

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee *more* that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain:
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

THANKFULNESS.

For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest ;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast !

[Adelaide Proctor.]

Abou Ben Adhem's Dream.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily's bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his
head,
And, in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."
"And is mine one?" Ben Adhem asked. "Not
so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still. "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

[Leigh Hunt.]

Evening Hymn.

"Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense ; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."—PSALM cxli. 2.

SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours are run,
And thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon,—give us joy
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared
Ah! never let our work be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For those we love,—the poor, the sad;
The sinful,—unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour! bless us; night is come;
Through all its watches near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

[Frederick Faber.]

All, all is known to Thee.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path."—PSALM cxlii. 3.

MY GOD, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee Father, sweet, endearing name!
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But oh! the thought does tranquilize and heal,—
All, all is known to thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,—
All, all are known to thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little sleep can take,
This brief appeal submissively I make,—
All, all is known to thee.

Nay, all by thee is ordered, chosen, planned,—
Each drop that fills my daily cup; thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand.

All, all is known to thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore;
In me thy longed-for likeness to restore;
Self to dethrone, never to govern more,—

All, all are known to thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await,—

That can I leave to thee.

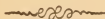
Nor will the bitter draft distasteful prove,
When I recall the SON of thy dear love;
The cup thou wouldst not for *our* sakes remove,—

That cup he drank for *me*.

He drank it to the dregs,—no drop remained
Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe he drained;
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained,—

All, all is known to thee.

And welcome, *precious* can his Spirit make
My little drop of suffering for his sake.
Father, the cup I drink, the path I take, —
All, all is known to thee



Earthly and Heavenly Interest.

BEN Adam had a golden coin, one day,
Which he put at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four, — so on, till people said,
“How rich Ben Adam is!” and bowed the
servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin, that day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave,
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with
pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had
multiplied.

Drawing Nearer.

"For now is your salvation nearer than when ye believed." — ROM.
xiii. 11.

NEARER! yes, we felt it not,
'Mid the rushing of the strife,
As we mourned our changeful lot,
Toiled beneath our shadowed life;
By each step our worn feet trod,
We were drawing nearer God.

When the day was all withdrawn,
And we walked in tenfold night;
When we panted for the dawn
Of the ever-blessed light,—
In those hours of darkness dim,
We were drawing nearer Him.

When beneath the sudden stroke,
All our joys of life went down;
When our best-beloved broke
Earthly bounds to take their crown,
By the upward path they trod,
Nearer drew we to our God.

DRAWING NEARER.

In those days of bitter woe,
When we saw their smile no more;
When our hearts were bleeding slow,
Stricken, stricken, oh, how sore!
While we lay beneath the sod,
We *were* nearer to our God.

When upon our lifted eye,
Gleamed a vision of our Home;
When we saw the glory high,
Flooding all that spotless dome,—
In that hour of raptured sight,
Pressed we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,
Doubting, struggling, and depressed,
Shrouded with their mists of tears,
We were passing to our rest;
Tempest-tossed and current-driven,
Ever drawing nearer heaven.

[American Presbyterian]



Night Musings.

IN the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For, oh! in spite of past and present care,
Or any thing beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Of whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?



Exaggeration of Ill.

"Neither be ye of doubtful mind."—LUKE xii. 29.

WE overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination, given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels overshadowed
By God's clear glory,—down our earth to rake,
The dismal snows instead; flake following flake,
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills across a level throne,
And pant like climbers. Near the alderbrake,
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.
O brothers! let us leave the sin and shame
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF!—holy herein,
That by the grief of One, came all our good.

[Mrs. Browning.]

The Peace of God.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—JOHN xiv. 27.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
They might be glad, but not in thee.

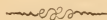
Well may thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And in thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to thy daily discipline.

HEAVEN.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe,—as light we see;
It draws us to thy side in prayer;
It binds us to our strength in thee.

[Mrs. Waring.]



Heaven.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision ;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes those gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of
mine
Into those pastures vernal.

Tarry with Me.

"Abide with us ; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour !
For the day is passing by ;
See ! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh ;
Tarry with me ! tarry with me !
Pass me not unheeded by.

Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past ;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last.
I am lonely ; tarry with me
Till the dreary night is past.

Dimmed for me is earthly beauty ;
Yet the spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon thy lovely features ;
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain ?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Let me see thy smile again.

Dull my ear to earth-born music ;
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer ;
Feeble, tottering my footstep,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear ;
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me,
Let me feel thy presence near.

Faithful memory paints before me
Every deed and thought of sin ;
Open thou the blood-filled fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within ;
Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour !
Wash me wholly from my sin !

Deeper, deeper, grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing West ;
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon thy breast !

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness !
While I sleep, still watch by me,
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee.

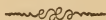
Heavenly Sowing.

"He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man."—MATT.
xiii. 37.

SOWER Divine,
Sow the good seed in me,—
Seed for eternity;
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet, by thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field,
A hundred-fold to yield;
Sower Divine,
Plough up this heart of mine.

Sower Divine,
Quit not this humble field
Till thou hast made it yield;
Sow thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light;
Stay not thy hand, but sow,
Then shall the harvest grow;
Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine.

Sower Divine,
Let not this barren clay
Lead thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness,
Provoke thee not to bless;
Let not my field be dry;
Sower Divine,
Water this heart of mine.



The Gifts of God.

"But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—ROMANS v. 8.

MY soul, what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when he might have made
A soul that would have loved him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

He placed an angel at thy side,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
And life, free life, before thee lay.

Had God in heaven no work to do,
But miracles of love for thee?
No world to rule, no joy in self,
And in his own infinity?

So must it seem to our blind eyes;
He gave his love no Sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
And new designs to make them blest.

From out his glorious bosom came
His only, his eternal Son;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with his blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against his love,
New love the vile rebellion met;
As though God only looked at sin,
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For his eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the seven-fold gifts of love,
To crown his own elected ones.

Men spurned his grace ; their lips blasphemed
The Love who made himself their slave ;
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against him what he gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night ;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth his anger tells ;
But he the omnipotent and dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come, and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified ;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, his gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps himself
In patient and forbearing love,
To be his creature's heritage
In that undying world above.

Oh, wonderful! oh, passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee!
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the undivided Trinity.

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost
Exhausted for a thing like this! —
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss!

What hast thou done for God, my soul?
Look o'er thy misspent years, and see;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for his mercy upon thee!



Be Strong.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—EPH.
vi. 10.

BE strong to *hope*, O heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night;
Be strong, O heart of mine,
Look towards the light!

Be strong to *bear*, O heart!
Nothing is vain;
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain.

Be strong to *love*, O heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Didst thou love creatures, even
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong!

[Miss Proctor.]

Prayer for Divine Grace.

"Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."—
PSALM iv. 6.

OH for those solitary hours
When grace descends in silent showers,
When all the visible withdraws
In solemn, fitful, awful pause,
And memory, like a glassy sea,
Looks up in calmness, Lord, to thee!

Then let thine image on this heart
Be deeply felt in every part;
Each motion of the will subdue,—
Inform, correct, instruct, subdue;
The motives guide,—the thoughts refine,
Thyself the type from line to line.

Eternal brooding, glorious Dove!
Breathe sweetly from thy throne above;
The might of every wave control,—
Be thou the conscience of my soul,
Till self-absorbed, I sit and sing
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.

The Day Laborer.

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”—ECCLESIASTES 11 : 6.

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall ;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee—
One wore the thorns for thee ;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer :
Name Him whose hand upholds us,
And sow thou every where.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride ;
Some cleft there may be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.

Fear not, for some will flourish ;
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scattered grain be found.
Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on ;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the laborer's work is done.

Work ! in the wild waste place,
Though none thy love may own,
God guides the down of the thistle
The wandering wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labor vain ?
The word that for him thou bearest,
Shall return to him again.
On !—with thine heart in heaven,
Thy strength in thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Watch not the clouds above thee ;
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep ;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.

Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

[Church Missionary Gleaner.]

Only Waiting.

"A very aged Christian, who was so poor as to be in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "ONLY WAITING."

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices, far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Eternity.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."—REV. xx. 12.

ANOTHER portion of life rolls on,
The week glides calmly by ;
And down the swift stream of time we run
To the sea of eternity.

Who knows how soon the hour will come
When the sun shall put out his light,
And the Master shall call his laborers home
To sleep in the valleys of night.

And then shall he take a strict account
Of duties neglected or done,
And millions shall read their vast amount
Recorded one by one ;
And every bosom shall be unveiled
And every secret known,
And none another's sin shall shield,
And none shall hide his own.

Oh nothing will then avail us there
 But deeds of mercy and love ;
 For each his burden of sin must bear
 To the high tribunal above.
 To have trained our spirits to forgive,
 As we hope to be forgiven,
 And have lived on earth as they should live
 Whose hopes and home are heaven.

We are weak and vain, but God is strong ;
 We are blind, but his piercing eye,
 To whose orbit all space and time belong,
 Embraces infinity.
 We wander, — his spirit leads us back
 To the heavenward path of peace,
 And his glory lights the holy track
 That ends in eternal bliss.

He smiles on all, — and though drear and dark
 Our journey may seem to be, —
 A joyous, a bright, though lonely spark
 Shines from eternity.
 As beneath the curtains of silver snow
 The flowers of the valley are hid,
 So the flowers of hope and beauty grow
 'Neath the grave's pyramid.

Even in the shadiest, darkest night,
The stars shine on unseen;
And the sun is clad in his robes of light,
Though mists intrude between,
And the grave, though dreary, and dull and deep,
Is bright with a heaven-born ray,
And its long, and seemingly listless sleep,
Shall be crowned with eternal day.

[Bowring.]

The Wicket Gate.

“Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.”—MATT. vii. 14.

MID the fast falling shadows,
Weary, and worn, and late;
A timid, doubting pilgrim,
I reach the wicket gate.
Where crowds have stood before me,
I stand alone to-night;
And, in the deepening darkness,
Pray for one gleam of light.

THE WICKET GATE.

From the foul sloughs and marshes,
I've gathered many a stain;
I've heard old voices calling,
From far across the plain;
Now, in my wretched weakness,
Fearful and sad I wait;
And every refuge fails me,
Here, at the wicket-gate.

And will the portals open
To me, who roamed so long;
Filthy, and vile, and burdened
With this great weight of wrong?
Hark, a glad voice of welcome,
Bids my wild fears abate —
Look, for a hand of mercy
Opens the wicket-gate.

On to the palace Beautiful,
And the bright room called Peace;
Down to the silent river,
Where thou shalt find release;
Up to the radiant city,
Where shining ones await;
On, for the way of glory
Lies through the wicket-gate.

God's Goodness.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O Love of God most free!

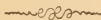
When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee !



Sweet Hope.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, —
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

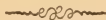
Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, —
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the soothing and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, —
 Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing,
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, —
 Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Hearts fainting now, and now high beating,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, —
 Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,—
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.



Bringing our Sheaves with us.

THE time for toil is past, and night is come,—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling
weight

Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet there are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered
leaves;

Wherefore I blush and weep as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,—
Master, behold my sheaves!

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility;—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
And, though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

Welcome Death.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil.”—PSALM xxiii. 4.

WHEN death is drawing near,
And thy heart shrinks with fear,
 And thy limbs fail, —
Then lift thy hands and pray
To him who smooths the way
 Through the dark vale.

See'st thou the eastern dawn?
Hear'st thou, in the red morn,
 The angels' song?
Then lift thy drooping head,
Thou, who in fear and dread,
 Hast lain so long!

Death comes to set thee free;
Oh, greet him cheerily,
 As thy true friend!
Then all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace,
 Thy penance end!

The Eternal Years.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 COR. iv. 18.

How shalt thou bear the Cross that now
So dread a weight appears ?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers ;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears ;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's Word unto the ears ;
But he will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal Years.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

Oh! many things are good for souls,
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

And know'st thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

One Cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower;
Time flies and judgment nears;
Go make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it seen,
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

Keep unconstrainedly in this thought
Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears;
Such prison-house thy heart will make
Free of the Eternal Years.

A single practice long sustained,
A soul to God endears ;
This must be thine to weigh the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

He practices all virtue well,
Who his own Cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of these Eternal Years.



Life springing from Death.

THE seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears ;
Low have these ears before the sickle lain
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.
Oh ! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If, thou, upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an hungered.

[Trench.]

“Peace like a River.”

ISAIAH xlviii.

GIVE me a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar ;
A life that like a river flows,
Along a peaceful shore.

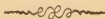
I would roll onward to the deep,
In brightness, not in foam ;
And 'mid earth's noise in stillness keep
My soul's interior home.

Come, Holy Spirit, hush my heart
With gentleness divine ;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart,
Oh, make the blessing mine !

Above these scenes of storm and strife,
There spreads a region fair ;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that purer air.

Allay this feverish, restless mood,
Arrest life's eager chase,
And quench the thirst for earthly good
With thy bedewing grace.

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace
Which flows from pardoned sin;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.



The Beautiful Land.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN xiv. 2.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is heaven,
And Death the sentry grim;
The Lord, therefore, has given
The opening keys to him;
And ransomed sinners, sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blesséd in their tears,
Their journey homeward winging,
They leave to earth their fears.
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth, —
'Tis life for them to die.

[Barry Cornwall.]

Zinzendorff's Hymn.

“Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.”

CHRIST'S blood and righteousness to me,
As robe and ornament shall be;
With these I'll stand, nor fear the rod,
Before the awful bar of God.

If through thy blood, O Lord, I be
Here doubly faithful unto thee,
And hate all evil for thy sake,
Till death at last shall me o'ertake:

Then will I when I come to thee,
Not think how good and great I be,
But this: Here comes a sinner, Lord!
Who needs thy gracious pard'ning word!

Jesus, thy praise the earth shall rend,
That thou from heaven didst condescend
And for mankind, and for my sake,
Eternal ransom here didst make.

A Morning Hymn.

By the Baron von Carnitz of the 17th century. Translated by Dr. Arnold.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking, —
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to him who made this splendor, —
See thou render
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars thy course be learning:
Dimly burning,
'Neath the sun their light grows pale;
So let all that sense delighted,
While benighted
From God's presence, fade and fail.

Lo! how all of breath partaking,
Gladly waking,
Hail the sun's enlivening light!
Plants, whose life mere sap doth nourish,
Rise and flourish
When he breaks the shades of night.

A MORNING HYMN.

Thou, too, hail the light returning, —
Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended, —
God hath tended,
With his care, thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,

When thine aim is good and true,
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that he thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Fettered to the fleeting hours
All our powers,

Vain and brief, are borne away,
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
To the gulf of death a prey.

May'st thou, then, on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gift abuse not,
His light refuse not,
 But still his Spirit's voice obey;
Soon shall Joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendor breathing,
 Fairer than the fairest day.

If aught of care this morn oppress thee,
To him address thee,
 Who, like the sun, is good to all:
He gilds the mountain-tops, the while
His gracious smile
 Will on the humblest valley fall.

Round the gifts his bounty showers;
Walls and towers,
 Girt with flames, thy God shall rear;
Angel legions to defend thee
Shall attend thee, —
 Hosts whom Satan's gulf shall fear.

Traveler's Hymn.

"In journeyings often."—2 COR. xi. 26.

LORD, go with us, and we go
Safely through the weariest length,
Traveling, if thou wilt it so,
In the greatness of thy strength;
Through the day and through the dark,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel and steer the bark,
Bring us where we fain would be.

In the self-controlling car,
'Mid the engine's iron din,
Waging elemental war,
Flood without and fire within,
Through the day and through the dark,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel and steer the bark,
Bring us where we fain would be.

[W. Crosswell.]

Resting in God.

"I foresaw the Lord alway before my face ; for he is on my right hand, that I should not be moved : therefore did my heart rejoyce, and my tongue was glad : moreover also my flesh shall rest in hope." — ACTS ii. 25, 26.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be ;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness ;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

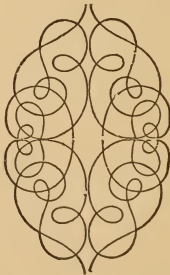
Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand;
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear.
In his love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,—
Always hath he comfort spoken,—
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,—
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

[Translated from the German.]



Rest, Weary Soul.

REST, weary soul!

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done;
Take the free gift, and make the joy thine own.
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,—
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary heart!

From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All should be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed,—
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary head!

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where he shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,—
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest! spirit free!

In the green pasture of the heavenly snore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flock by the good Shepherd fed,
Beside the stream of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest, —
Rest, sweetly rest!









May 27

